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H. C. Mikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

Robinson Crusoe.

Friday. Oh massa, massa? Thunder kill him.

Act I. Scene I.

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

OR, THE BOLD BUCCANEER:

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.,

*Author of John of Paris, Hit or Miss, The Magpie, or the Maid?
The Robber's Wife, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS —
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

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REMARKS.

Robinson Crusoe.

As it is with our *friends*, so it is with our *books*—the companions of early life we greet with fond remembrance, when, after long parting, chance or design brings us once more together. For how many pleasing hours are we indebted to Robinson Crusoe—not only in our boyish days, but when experience had matured our judgment, and the realities of life left us but a short interval for the charms of fiction? There is no stage of existence, from the first dawn of reason to its last glimmering, that this romantic yet simple narrative cannot instruct and delight. What an example of patience and fortitude, of firm reliance on the goodness of Providence, and gratitude for past deliverances, does it present! We remember no work more calculated to lead the imagination captive, to inspire cheerful resignation and devout hope, and “justify the ways of God to man,” than Robinson Crusoe. From its first appearance to the present moment, its popularity has hardly been exceeded by any other book in the language—it has received the approbation of the most profound critics, and what is better, the universal assent of mankind.—“Yet,” (said Doctor Johnson to Piozzi) “was there ever any thing written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, except Don Quixotte, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Pilgrim’s Progress?”

It has been said that De Foe had surreptitiously appropriated the papers of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch mariner, who having lived solitarily on the Isle of Juan Fernandez four years and four months, was relieved on the 2nd of February, 1708 9, by Captain Woodes Rogers, in his *cruising voyage round the world*.—The whole story of Selkirk is told in the captain’s voyage, which he published in 1712: whence it appears, that Selkirk had preserved no pen, ink, or paper, and had lost his language; so that he had no journal or papers, which he

could communicate, or by others could be stolen. There is an account of Selkirk in *The Englishman*, No. 26. It is also related in Captain Cook's voyage into the South Sea, which was published in 1712. And Selkirk's tale was told in the *Memoirs of Literature*, vol. 5, page 118. So that the world was fully possessed of Selkirk's story in 1712, seven years prior to the publication of Crusoe's adventures. Nor were his adventures singular; for Ringrose mentions, in his account of Captain Sharp's voyage, a person who had escaped singly from a ship that had been wrecked on Juan Fernandez, and who lived alone five years before he was relieved: and Dampier mentions a Mosquito Indian, who having been accidentally left on this island, subsisted three years solitarily, till that voyager carried him off. From which of these De Foe borrowed his great incident, it is not easy to discover. In the preface to *The Serious Reflections*, he indeed says, "that there is a man alive and well known, the actions of whose life are the just subject of these volumes, and to whom most part of the story directly alludes." This turns the scale in favour of Selkirk. Nor was the name of Crusoe wholly fictitious; for, among De Foe's contemporaries, John Duntton, in his *Life and Errors*, speaks of Timothy Crusoe, "who was called the golden preacher, and was so great a textuary, that he could pray two hours together in scripture language; but he was not arrived at perfection; as appeared by his sloth in tying the conjugal knot: yet his repentance was sincere and public, and I fear not but he is now a glorified saint in heaven."

No dishonour can therefore attach to De Foe by a clandestine appropriation of Selkirk's materials, which had been long before the world, and at the mercy of every writer who might choose to turn them to his own advantage. Mr. Chalmers justly remarks that the adventures of Selkirk had been thrown into the air, in 1712, for literary hawks to devour; and De Foe may have caught a common prey, which he converted to the uses of his intellect, and distributed for the purposes of his interest. Thus he may have fairly acquired the fundamental incidents of Crusoe's life; but he did not borrow the various events, the useful moralities, or the engaging style. The first part of *Robinson Crusoe* was published in April, 1719, and in the August following he produced the second volume of *Surprising Adventures*,

with similar success. In August, 1720, appeared *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his vision of the Angelic World*; and in the same year, *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*. It is hardly dispraise to say that the two last works were less popular than their predecessors. *A New Voyage round the World, by a Course never sailed before*, appeared in 1725.—It is an interesting, and delightfully written narrative; but it cheats us not into the belief of its reality, like Robinson Crusoe.

Daniel De Foe was one of the most voluminous authors of his time. He appears in the various characters of poet, novelist, polemic, commercial writer, and historian. As a poet he occupies (by comparison) a subordinate station—he is forcible and argumentative; but his numbers want sweetness, precision, and polish. As a polemic, he was a bold and intrepid champion of freedom—not the freedom of the present day,—licentiousness and infidelity—but just and upright laws; and religion, free from superstition and intolerance. In his other characters, he stands eminently distinguished, and deserves the lasting admiration and gratitude of posterity. He began his literary career with politics, and closed it with a performance that cannot be too highly praised, his treatise on *The Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed*. We regret that Pope should have installed him in the *Dunciad*, and associated him with a blockhead who was his adversary, and every way contemptible:—

“ Earless, on high stood unabashed *De Foe*,
And *Tuchin*, flagrant from the scourge, below.”


A cruel allusion to an unjust and vindictive sentence.—We would have stood in the *pillory* to have been author of the *Hymn*. The greatest blot in Pope's incomparable poem, is the introduction of this honest, well-intentioned, laborious, persecuted, and happy genius.

Daniel De Foe was born in London, about the year 1663, educated at a dissenting academy at Newington Green, and died (shame to the ungrateful age in which he lived!) in *penury*, in April, 1731, within the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, leaving a widow and six children.

We have repeatedly recommended playwrights to select well-known popular stories; because not only is
but already laid down, the characters drawn and

the dialogue, in a great part, supplied—a material saving to wits who have to cudgel their brains (without always making a hit) for the public entertainment; but that the *name* of old acquaintance bears a peculiar charm—it is sure to attract the young, who may be curious to see a *living* representative of their school companions; while those of mature age will be glad to lose the care and turmoil of the busy world, in the deep solitudes of Juan Fernandez; and recall the time when their hearts trembled at the print on the shore; when the voice of the parrot was as music in the wilderness; when they shared the dangers of the lonely mariner, and joined in praises for his deliverance. Mr. Pocock has done wisely in launching Robinson Crusoe on the dramatic ocean; where, after his many perils by sea and land, he is likely to make a prosperous voyage, and return home rich in *golden* opinions, and other articles of the self-same metal. Mr. Farley played Robinson Crusoe—his goat-skin jacket and beard were truly dramatic. Joe Grimaldi may challenge the best actor, any day in the week, for a better representative of Friday. To complete the cast, Emery, Tokely, and Blanchard, acted Bluff, Windlass, and Nipcheese.

Robinson Crusoe was produced for the first time at Covent Garden, on Easter Monday, 1817.

 D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. *Centre Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.
 ••• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Flesh leggings and arms—the remnant of an old pair of sailors' trousers, to come half way down to the knee, the lower parts being torn away, the edge very tattered, the whole darned and patched—the jacket made of goats' skin—middle and cross belts—short boots of goats' skin—sword—pistols—axe—Powder-horn—high-topped rush hat.

FRIDAY.—Black body, arms, and leggings—a coarse stuff twisted about the upper part of the thighs and part of the body—short black curly wig.

IGLOU.—Black body, arms, and leggings, with a piece of coarse cotton or skin about the lower part of the body.

PARIBOO.—Dark red, brown, or copper-colour body, arms, leggings, &c.—skin cloak, hanging from one shoulder—short petticoat, made of coloured matting—beads, feathers, &c.—twisted rows of beads round the arms, ankles, neck, and across the breast—black hair tied up very high in a top-knot, ornamented with beads and feathers—ear-rings of coloured beads—a tomahawk.

DIEGO.—Light blue jacket, with silver buttons—white waistcoat and trousers—black belt.

BLUFF.—Blue jacket and trousers—red waistcoat—striped stockings—shoes and buckles—round hat.

WINDLASS.	}	All sailors' jackets and trousers—some red waistcoats—some canvass, blue, or striped trousers—shoes and buckles—check shirts—belts—cutlasses—pistols—hats—caps, &c.
SWIVEL.		
BLOCK.		
GUNNEL.		

NIPCHEESE.—Sailor's jacket—long scarlet waistcoat, bound with black, and black buttons—striped trousers—stockings, shoes, and buckles—black belts—cutlass.

CANNIBALS.—The colour of Pariboo, and dressed and decorated after the same manner, but plainer—tomahawks and knives.

CARIBS.—The colour of Iglou, with petticoats of various-coloured rush—beads.

INES.—Light blue dress, with silver buttons, and trimmed with black—black velvet body.

Tast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.
1817.

Robinson Crusoe	Mr. Farley.	1826.
Friday, a young Carib, attached to him	Mr. J. S. Grimaldi.	
Iglou, a Carib Chief, Friday's Father	Mr. Barnes.	
Pariboo, Chief of the Cannibal tribe	Mr. Ryalls.	
Diego, Crusoe's Son, and Captain of the vessel	Mr. Duruset.	
Bluff, the Mate of Diego's ship	Mr. Evans.	
Windlass, the Boatswain, chief Mutineer	Mr. Isaacs.	
Swivel, the Gunner, attached to Windlass	Mr. Horrebow.	
Block, Foremast Man, ditto	Mr. Mears.	
Gunnel, ditto	Mr. Henry.	
Nipcheese, Ship's Steward	Mr. Blanchard.	
Ines, Crusoe's Wife	Mrs. Vining.	

Cannibals of the Hostile Tribe, Caribs of the Friendly Tribe, Seamen, Mutineers, &c.

SCENE—The Island on which Crusoe was wrecked.

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR, THE BOLD BUCCANIERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—That part of the Island which Robinson Crusoe calls his Farm—a steep hill at the back, R., in the side of which is the mouth of the cave, defended in front by an inclosure of stakes, which, having taken root, forms an impenetrable hedge, R. U. E.—a gentle declivity intersected with trees, at the roots of which lies the trunk of a cedar, partly formed into a canoe, but almost concealed by plants peculiar to the soil, L. U. E.—the horizon exhibits the open Sea, and part of the shore—near the front a hollow tree—the curtain rises to Music.

A vessel discovered crossing in the distance, R. U. E.—FRIDAY appears on the palisade, looks out for his master, and, putting over a ladder, descends with a basket, from which he produces a cake, a bunch of raisins, and a small bottle of rum, intended for Crusoe—he throws aside the bushes, L. U. E., and places the provisions on the bow of the canoe—a dog barks, L. S. E.

Fri. Ah! he coma! dere Massa Crusoe.

[Music.—The dog runs on, bearing a bird, L. S. E.—Friday takes it, throws it over the inclosure, R. U. E., and the dog bounds up the ladder.

Enter CRUSOE, L. S. E., dressed and armed as described in his history, with an umbrella, on the top of which is perched the parrot—Friday welcomes Crusoe with extravagant joy, and takes the umbrella.

Cru. Faithful, affectionate Friday!

Par. Friday! Friday!

Cru. Ha, ha, ha! go home, Poll.

[The Parrot flies into the inclosure, R. U. E.—Friday takes off the umbrella and returns.

Cru. Friday, Friday! take my gun. [*Music.—Friday alarmed, yet fears to disoblige his master.*] Courage, courage! the thunder, as you call it, hurts only the wicked: why should you be terrified?—Would you not use it to defend your master?—Remember, it was with this gun I saved your life, when the ferocious cannibals had doomed you to the stake, the victim of a horrid sacrifice. [*Music.—Friday intimates his gratitude, and, taking the gun resolutely, carries it with the other articles up the ladder and into the inclosure, R. U. E.*] What a treasure did heaven bestow, when it made me its humble instrument in saving that poor Indian from destruction!—For years no human form had blessed my sight—no voice, except the sad and fearful echo of my own, had struck upon my almost palsied ear. Now, a fellow being, an intellectual associate, cheers my solitude, and I am content! happy! Happy, did I say—no, no, my wife! my son! whom now, if yet he lives, must have reached man's estate. Grant, oh, grant, he may never know his father's misery. [*Calling.*] Friday! [*Music.*

Fri. [*From the palisade.*] Massa!

Cru. [*Calls again.*] Friday! [*Music.—Crusoe puts aside the branches which conceal the canoe, L. U. E., and prepares himself for labour—three small canoes pass in the distance from R. to L.*] For two years past a portion of each day has been allotted to complete this almost hopeless labour; but for the assistance of that faithful creature, I had abandoned the attempt. [*He perceives the bottle, &c.*] Ah, this is well—accustomed to my wants, he anticipates them all. [*Music.—The dog leaps the palisade, R. U. E., with a basket, from which Crusoe takes a hatchet.*] Even my poor dog does not neglect his duty: shall I alone despair?—No, visions of home and liberty revive and strengthen in my heart.

[*Music.—The dog obeys the signal of Crusoe, and disappears as he begins to work—Friday appears on the hill, R. U. E., and starts at observing some unexpected object.*

Fri. Massa! massa!

Cru. What now?

Fri. Canoes! canoes!

Cru. Canoes!

Fri. One, two, tree!

[*Runs down the ladder.*

Cru. Ah! perhaps a vessel—relief!—No, no—he counted several—still it may be—[*Music.—Friday has*

arrived close to his master.] Why do you tremble? [*Music.*—*Friday* describes the arrival of Indians, by imitating their march; then their purpose, by crossing his hands, as if bound at the wrists like a prisoner; lastly, their intention, by the action of despatching the victim and devouring him.] Savages! [*Music.*] a prisoner! a sacrifice! [*Friday* assents to each exclamation.] Horrible!—May not your terrors have deceived you?—[*Music.*—*Friday* instantly draws *Crusoe* aside, and points to the shore.] Ha! 'tis even so—they approach land!—Quick, remove every object that may betray us—[*The dog barks, R. U. E.*] and, above all, secure the dog. [*Music, piano.*] Fear nothing—conceal yourself in the canoe, and stir not—speak not, on your life. [*Friday* jumps through the bushes, and looks out, first at his master, then towards the approaching Indians—*Crusoe* prepares his gun, &c., and ascends the ladder.] From the heights I shall command them—they land!

[*He signs to Friday to keep his head away, who instantly draws back—Crusoe draws the ladder up, and is seen on the second ladder immediately—this he draws up also after him, then lies flat.*

Music, forte.—Enter *PARIBOO*, the Cannibal Chief, L. S. E.—he examines the spot, and beckons forward his troop, who, having made a circuit of the stage, place their prisoner *Iglou* against a stake, C., and at this instant *Friday* exclaims, from the palisade, R. U. E., “Father!”—the Savages pause in alarm—*Pariboo* brandishes his club, and the rest immediately regain confidence—*Iglou* runs forward, and implores his life—he is again seized, and, as *Pariboo* advances to despatch him, *Friday* throws forward the flask of rum, C.—the group look round with surprise, till the Chief, impatient at the interruption, rushes with savage impetuosity to the sacrifice—*Crusoe* at this instant fires from R. U. E.—the Indians rush off, yelling with apprehension, L.—*Pariboo*, more resolute, appears to mark the spot from whence the fire proceeded—*Crusoe* again fires, and the Chief bounds off, L.—*Friday* springs from his concealment, and raises his Father, who trembles with his face to the earth in the utmost terror—*Crusoe* arrives in front.

Fri. [*Kneeling over Iglou.*] Oh, massa, massa! thunder kill him.

Cru. (R.) Not so—I fired beyond them, no one is hurt.

[*Lively Music.*—Friday jumps up, rejoiced, runs for the bottle, supports Iglou, and puts it to his mouth.] What means this unusual agitation?—He must have seen this man before. Do you remember him, Friday?

Fri. Oh, massa, him Iglou, Friday father.

Cru. His father! Providence, I thank thee! [*Kneels.*] Even in this solitude, I do not live in vain—I have restored a parent to his offspring. [*Rises.*] He'll soon recover—lead him to the cave, whilst I observe these monsters in their flight, and see that none remain.

[*Music.*—Iglou recovers—starts at the appearance of Crusoe—Friday explains to him the obligation they are under to his master—Iglou falls at the feet of Crusoe—Friday, on the opposite side, embraces his knees—Crusoe raises them, and exit, L., pointing his gun—as Friday and Iglou are ascending the ladder, tableau—scene closes.

SCENE II.—*The Entrance of a Wood near the Shore.*

Enter SWIVEL and NIPCHEESE, L.

Swi. Come, master steward, let out a reef and freshen your way: you lag astern as if you were afraid of being boarded.

Nip. (L.) So I am afraid, and no wonder, considering the cursed scrape I have got into. Plague on the mutiny, I say, instead of saving an honest penny, I may be hanged like a dog, and lose all. Did you say the mate had turned the boatswain ashore?

Swi. (R.) I did; he would not join us, so we set him adrift without rudder or compass. He straggled off to seek a berth here in the woods; but what argues that? you are not afraid of a man without arms, are you?

Nip. No! but he has two devilish long arms, to my certain knowledge, and a couple of thumping fists at the end of them, too. I shouldn't like him to settle accounts with me just now.

Swi. Well, don't stand palavering here—'twas this way we heard the gun. [*Pointing, R.*

Nip. Was it? Then I think we had better go the other.

[*Moving off, L.*

Swi. What, sheer off!

Nip. Oh, I'm not ashamed to confess my failings; I always have more satisfaction in escaping danger than meeting it

Swi. Ay, ay, Master Nipcheese, we know you'd rather grub in the bread-room than go aloft.

Nip. I am glad of it: the worse you know of me, the less chance you'll have of being disappointed. Courage is all very proper in a gunner, but what have I to do with it, that am only shipsteward and supercargo?

Swi. Why, you chicken-hearted ungrateful cur, won't you save all your slops and bread-bags by it?

Nip. That's very true; I shouldn't like to lose my little property.

Swi. Then brace up your heart, and be a man.

Nip. Well, I will, I will; give me your hand.—Zooks! I've got some mettle in me, though I don't brag of it. [*The Savages yell without, L.*] What the devil's that?

Swi. Eh! we shall have a squall presently.

[*The Savages shout, L.*

Nip. A squall with a vengeance! Zounds! they are savages!

Swi. And bearing down upon us!

Nip. Lord save us and bless us!

[*Exeunt, running into the wood, L. S. E.*

Enter SAVAGES, L.—they rush across in confusion, from L. to R.—PARIBOO, following, turns to see if he is pursued—Nipcheese comes forth to see if there are any others, and suddenly facing Pariboo, is petrified with alarm—Swivel appears, makes a blow at the Chief, who avoids it with agility, and rushes out, R.—Nipcheese applies a case-bottle to his lips.

Swi. [*Looking off, R.*] They are all off.

Nip. Most happy to hear it.

Swi. (R.) There was a jolly crew of them.

Nip. (L.) Yes, very jolly! I shouldn't like to have improved my acquaintance, though, with their long-legged first lieutenant.—Never saw such a ferocious-looking dog in my days.

Swi. They are Caribs, I take it, that cross over from the main, to sacrifice, and so forth.

Nip. To do what?

Swi. Belike, you are not up to their rigs.

Nip. No—can't say I am.

Swi. Why, when they take any of their enemies in battle, d'ye see, they just pitch upon a little quiet spot, like this, and have a feast.

Nip. A feast! cannibals! are you quite sure they won't come back, and give us an invitation?

Swi. Not they; they are more frightened than you are.—See, they are making along shore, like a fleet of colliers. *[They turn and look out, R.]*

MUSIC.—*Enter ROBINSON CRUSOE, L., as if tracing the retreat of the Indians—he starts at observing strangers.*

Nip. They embark! they get aboard their canoes! Wind and tide be with 'em! Phew! bless us all, what an awkward thing it would have been, to have made one at their mess! *[Drinks.]*

Cru. Europeans! Englishmen! Let me be cautious.

[Retires, L. S. E., and watches.]

Nip. But where's the boatswain?—where's Windlass all this time, with our prisoners?

Cru. *[Apart.]* Prisoners! what can they mean?

Swi. He'll soon heave in sight; perhaps the woman has been troublesome.

Nip. I never knew a woman that wasn't, my wife in particular; but is she to be left ashore, too?

Swi. To be sure; we must have no tell-tales when we run the vessel into a strange port.

Cru. They are mutineers, pirates!

Swi. Besides, what should we get by parting Diego from his mother?

Cru. Diego! his mother! Merciful powers! can it be possible?

Swi. 'Twas the only way of getting rid of our difficulties.

Nip. Humph! and a pretty sure one of putting an end to theirs. However, she'll care less for the loss of her property, than her disappointment in not finding this man—this what-d'ye-call him, that was lost so many years ago.

Swi. Robinson——

Nip. Ay, the same—Robinson Crusoe.—Egad! there's not one wife in a thousand, that would run half the world over, as she has done, in search of an old husband.

[Scuffle without, L.]

Windlass. *[Without.]* Bring him along, I say!

Swi. They make resistance—see. *[Whistle heard, L.]* Bear a hand—that's the boatswain's whistle.

[Exit Swivel, L.]

Nip. I know it—I wish 'twas his last whistle, with all my soul! That fellow frightens me more than Mrs. Nipcheese. Oh, that I was safe under her command again! any torment would be better than such a life of jeopardy.

Win. [*Without*, L.] Does the rascal skulk! Jump upon deck, here. [*Another whistle*, L.

Nip. I'm coming! bull-dog! Oh!

[*Exit Nipcheese*, L.—*Music*.

Cru. Does my sight mock me! these tears, perhaps—no! 'tis real—my faithful heart at once acknowledges a kindred soul! It is—it is my wife! what's to be done? To attack them singly would be madness! I'll regain my habitation by the short path through the wood—watch in secret the departure of these ruffians, then spring into her arms, and seek no home beyond them.

[*Exit to the wood*, R.—*Music*.

Diego. [*Without*, L.] Traitor, unhand me!

Win. [*Without*.] No words—bear them along!

MUSIC.—*Enter INES and DIEGO in chains, forced on with violence by a party of the Mutineers*, L., *SWIVEL and NIPCHEESE following*—*WINDLASS, the boatswain, acting as commander*.

Die. (R.) Infamous, abandoned wretches! will not one victim serve? Lost as you are to every sense of honour and of duty, do not add cruelty to insult, do not forget that you are men!

Win. (c.) 'Tis too late to parley, captain: we have taken our course and must stick to it,—if it's a bad one, that's our look-out. You shan't be left destitute, but we are too far on our way now, to ware ship.

Die. 'Tis not for myself I ask.—I know too well, your guilty project makes compassion for the man you thus have injured, hopeless.—Behold that female, defenceless and forlorn! if you are not dead to every feeling of humanity—if the prayers of the unfortunate can reach your hearts, ere it be too late, show mercy to a woman, and spare, oh, spare and save my mother!

[*Music.*—*Ines expresses, by appropriate action, her determination not to be separated from her son*.

Ines. Plead not for me, my son: if death is thy portion, thy mother will meet it with thee.

Win. No more piping, we've had enough for one spell. Where's the steward?

[*Crosses*, R.

Nip. [*Advancing, R.*] Here.

Win. Lead them up the hill, and take off their irons.

Nip. Me!

Win. Yes, it's all you are fit for. We'll bring along the stores. Swivel, you bear him company, and mind the milk-sop doesn't let 'em slip.

Nip. What! do you doubt my firmness in the cause?

Win. No growling—out with your cheese-toaster, if you are not afraid of the sight on't.

Nip. [*Drawing his cutlass.*] Afraid!—there, stony-hearted rascal! [*Aside.*] How I should like to run him through the paunch.

Win. Now then, off with you, while I collect the stragglers. [*Retires up, C.*]

Nip. I must put a good face on it. [*With assumed consequence.*] Come, we can't wait here all day.

Die. Must I submit without a struggle? Wretch! these chains, that bind my hands, have not subdued my spirit.

Nip. [*Alarmed, R.*] Come, come, captain, no swagging; it won't do with me. Don't you see I'm resolute?

Ines. [*To Diego.*] Be calm, my son.

Die. Let me not fall without a blow—I have strength to make these fetters instruments of vengeance, and thus—

[*Music.—He catches up his chains to make a blow at Nipcheese, who starts back—Windlass and the rest spring forward, and arrest the arm of Diego.*]

Ines. [*Interposing.*] Not so, not so—till heaven itself deserts us, why should we despair?

Die. Well, I submit; but think not, guilty and obdurate men, such crimes will pass unpunished. The prayers of the unfortunate will be heard even in a desert.

Win. Away with them. [*Music.—Exeunt Diego, Ines, Swivel, and Nipcheese, R.*] Now, my lads, as I am Captain, it behoves me to make a bit of an oration, just that we may understand each other.—I'm told there are some aboard, that would rather stick to their old commander, than sail under Jack Windlass and a free flag; but the first that mutinies shall be run up to the yard-arm without mercy, by way of example like to the rest. You that are jolly boys, shall share alike in all we have, and all we may have! We'll sink the banian days, sleep eight hours instead of four, work little, eat a great deal

and drink a double allowance of grog every Saturday night.

Mut. Hurra!

Win. What, you like that, do you? I thought I should make you show your grinders at last—heave along the lumber!—With the next tide we'll sail, turn our freight to cash, and then hurra for plunder and the bold buccaniers!

GLEE and CHORUS.

When the anchor's a-peak,
And the ship under weigh,
The wide ocean we'll seek,
Like a shark for its prey.
We'll take what we can, boys
Wherever we steer;
Friend or foe, 'tis all one
To a bold buccanier.

Let the signal be heard
That a sail is in sight;
Sword and hand, we must boar
If they dare us to fight.
No danger shall daunt us,
No odds make us fear,
We must conquer or die
Like a bold buccanier.

Music continues.—*The Mutineers assist each other with the stores intended for the captives, and bear them off, R.—as they depart, Pariboo appears, L., expressing rage at the cowardice of his tribe, who have paddled off in their canoes, and left him alone on the island—he suddenly marks the retreat of the Mutineers, and follows them, with a determination to regain possession of his lost victim, Iglou.*

SCENE III.—*Crusoe's Farm, as before.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE, IGLOU, and FRIDAY, discovered.

Cru. [To Friday.] You tell me that in a few hours your father may return with some people of whom he is the chief. [Friday assents—Iglou expresses impatience at not understanding them.] The small canoe in which I surveyed the island, though insufficient for my escape, will serve his purpose in crossing to the main? [Friday

again assents—Iglou more impatient.] Good! should the wind hold, he and his friends promise to regain this shore by daybreak.

[*Music.—Friday describes to Iglou, the dawn, paddling of a canoe, and the march of their tribe, to which Iglou assents with vehemence, enforcing his anxious wishes, by appropriate action, to serve Crusoe.—Friday starts at seeing a strange object, R., and Iglou at the same time grasps his tomahawk—Crusoe directs his attention towards the point to which Friday signs.*

Fri. [*Exclaiming.*] Massa, see da!

Cru. Silence! 'tis one of those strangers whom I told you of—unless he should perceive us, let him pass—they may not all be guilty.

[*Music.—Iglou and Friday conceal themselves behind the canoe, L. U. E.—Crusoe conceals himself behind a tree, R. U. E.*

Bluff. [*Singing without, R.*] “Billy Tailor was a brisk feller, full of mirth and full of glee,
And his true love he did diskiver to a lady fair and free.”

Enter BLUFF, R., with a cudgel under his arm, and a tobacco-box in his hand.

Bluff. Ah, it won't do—I may sing for my allowance long enough now, before the boatswain pipes to dinner. My heart is sunk five fathom—many a losing voyage have I made in my time, and weathered many a rough gale; but it's d—d hard to be taken aback at last by a set of swabs—it's all along with Jack Windlass the boatswain—I was the man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer—and now the dog leaves me like a wreck on a lee shore, at the mercy of wind and weather. Well, [*Taking a quid.*] it's all one—“a light heart and a thin pair of bree”—[*Seeing Crusoe.*] ey!

Cru. [*Advancing.*] I'll venture.

[*Friday and Iglou appear from behind the canoe.*

Bluff. (L.) Who the devil!—what cheer, ho?—Where are you bound? from whence came you?

Cru. Do not shun me,—we are fellow-sufferers, and should assist each other.

Bluff. Indeed! well, I have seen strange sights afore now—but, smite my timbers, such a cruiser as you—

Cru. I am a seaman like yourself, cast on an unknown coast.

Bluff. Like enough—your rigging has seen some service : but mayhap you take me for a buccanier—no such thing—my name's Harry Bluff, as true a heart as ever broke biscuit. I'm a true friend to the service, and an enemy to all mutineers ; so, if you are in the piccarooning line, you'd best put about, d'ye see, and let me shoot clear a-head of you.

Cru. I was not mistaken—we must be friends.

Bluff. Ay, ay ! there's two words go to that bargain, though—sheer off, or I'll be foul o' your top-lights.

[*Music.—Friday and Iglou, at the appearance of contention, start forward to C.*]

Cru. (R.) Hold ! touch him not !

Bluff. Whew ! am I to be run down by a fleet of small craft ?—Hark'ee, brother, three to one are long odds, but if you, or any squadron, offer to board me without provocation, dam'me if I don't scuttle some of your nobs before I strike.

[*Friday and Iglou are again about to strike, but Crusoe checks them.*]

Cru. Do not mistake ! though you have not seen, you surely must have heard of Crusoe.

Bluff. What, Robin ?

Cru. The same.

Bluff. Why, you don't mean to say—you, ey !

Cru. Yes, Robinson Crusoe, the father of Diego, the husband of Ines, those unfortunate beings whom an abandoned set of miscreants now drag in chains. [*Music.*]

Bluff. [*Running across to Crusoe.*] I know ! say no more. Ods-heart ! I hav'nt been better pleased—here, lend us a cutlass ; if your shipmates are jolly boys, we'll be too strong for 'em yet.

Cru. That must depend on circumstances : we must run no risks ; if they are necessary, I have arms and ammunition in abundance.

Bluff. Why, have you, though ?—Well, an' how are you ?

Cru. Friday !

[*He gives directions to fetch arms—Friday goes up the ladder for them.*]

Bluff. Ecod ! I shall sing to some tune yet—“ A light heart and a thin pair of ”—here, take a bit o' baccy. [*Crusoe declines the offer.*] Well, as you like. [*Iglou and Friday bring arms over the palisade.*] Henceforth we'll

cruise in the same latitudes. Hang me if I don't stick by you as long as I can carry a rag of canvass.

[Friday and Iglou run forward with arms.]

Bluff. I say, Robin, this loblolly-boy of yours seems a hearty sort o' chap! give us your fist, blacky—there's the hand of a seaman for you, you dog!

[Shakes hands with Friday, who is greatly pleased with his new alliance, till Bluff's hearty gripe changes his countenance—his grimace fully evinces the seaman's strength—Iglou is angry.]

Cru. Now listen to my purpose.

Bluff. Heave away!

Cru. My first object is to insure the safety of Ines and her son—if they attempt to injure them, we fire.

Bluff. Ay, a broadside!

Cru. If they leave their captives unmolested, we must create no alarm, but let them depart.

Bluff. What! with ship and cargo! and leave us to drive under bare poles, without a mess o' provision aboard?

Cru. Their numbers must eventually overpower us.

Bluff. Well, well, you are commanding-officer; but if I come athwart Master Windlass in a snug corner, he'd better be in Greenland, that's all.

[Crosses, L.]

Cru. They come!

Bluff. All hands to quarters, then.

Cru. Close, close!

[They conceal themselves, R. and L. U. E.]

Enter INES and DIEGO, in deep dejection, attended by SWIVEL and NIPCHEESE, R.

Nip. (L.) Ah, this appears to me a very pleasant retired sort of a spot, where a man may reflect on the vicissitudes of human life without much fear of interruption. What do you think, Master Gunner, ey?

Swi. (R.) Ay, ay, this will do; they'll have nobody to overhaul 'em, here.

Nip. *[Aside.]* Except the savages. Well, then, take off his bracelets. *[Swivel takes off his chains.]* I could find in my heart now to do the poor creatures a kindness. I certainly possess a great deal of compassion, but somehow I require so much pity for myself, that I never have any to spare for other people.

Swi. Now then, let's join our messmates.

Nip. Pho! you know they'll join us presently.

[Retires up.

Die. [To Ines.] A last effort, mother! [*Ines by action expresses the uselessness of the attempt.*—One moment.

Nip. Ey!

Die. Hear me: on the score of humanity I perceive you are inexorable;—not so to your interest, or your personal safety. Think what must be your fate, should justice overtake you.

Nip. Excuse me, I'd rather not.

Die. There are some in the ship who contemplate this crime with detestation and abhorrence; aid them to quell the mutiny, succeed in accomplishing our rescue, I not only guarantee your pardon, but promise, on my oath, to recompense your fidelity with a sum far greater than you can ever hope to gain by persevering in an act of guilt.

Nip. Indeed! will you? well, I——

Swi. What!

Nip. Oh, no—it—it's impossible!

Swi. [*Crossing to Diego.*] Would you bribe us?

Nip. Ay, would you bribe us?—I'll get the gunner out of the way, and then sneak back—pardon and reward! [*Aside.*] Must have an eye to business.

Die. Speak!

[*While Diego directs his attention to Swivel, Nipcheese steals up, and conceals himself in the hollow tree, R. S. E.*

Swi. Not I; a man can't serve below and aloft at the same time, Captain. [*Crosses, R.*] I wish you no ill, for my part, but we have hoisted the red flag, and I must stick to it, sink or swim. [*Exit, R.*

Die. 'Tis done, and not a hope remains! Oh, mother! we are lost for ever! [*Sinking into the arms of Ines.*

Ines. Not so; till heaven itself deserts us, why should we despair?

Cru. [*Advancing with Bluff, L.*] I can resist no longer.

Bluff. Mind what you're at, though—drop gently alongside, or you'll frighten her out of her seven senses.—You may ha' been a good-looking chap once, but I'll be shot if you're so now.

Cru. Ines.

[*Music.—Ines clasps her hands in mingled surprise and alarm—Diego starts from his abstraction.*

Ines. Ah! what prodigy is this?

[Pause.

Cru. Has the unrelenting hand of time so transformed

me, that I live not in the memory of her who knew and loved me best ?

Ines. Ah ! that voice——

Cru. In absence still have I blessed thee, *Ines* !

Ines. Crusoe !

Cru. She knows me !

Ines. Merciful heaven ! 'tis he ! it is my husband !

Die. My father ! [*Both rush to the embrace of Crusoe.*]

Ines. To meet you thus ——

Cru. I know—I have heard it all—our present security must be effected—hereafter our escape.

Bluff. [*To Diego.*] Captain !

Die. [*Crossing.*] Bluff !

Bluff. Ay, captain, here am I, all my timbers repaired, new rigged, and ready for another cruise, as you see. Come, mistress, don't be down-hearted ; swab the spray from your bows, and coil up your spirits. Our enemies have more hands, 'tis true, and superior weight o' metal ; what then ? fortune is not always with the strongest, you know.

Die. (L. c.) Worthy fellow ! as bold a seaman, and as true as ever set face to weather.

Bluff. (L.) Belay, belay, captain ! I'm no such wonder ; bless you, there's many as good a man as I, and amongst these ragamuffins, too, if they dared but show themselves.

Cru. (R. c.) Indeed ! are you sure of that ?

Bluff. I know it. Windlass and the gunner carry it with a high hand, to be sure—but as to that thief, Nip-cheese, he'd sooner steal eggs out of the hen-coops, than run his thick skull against a brace o' bullets at any time. But only let me get sight of him ! I'll make his head sing and simmer like a pot of chowder.

Nip. [*From the tree, R. S. E.*] Curse my curiosity !

Bluff. Ey !

Die. What now ?

Bluff. I thought I heard somebody speak, didn't you ?

Die. Where ? which way ?

Bluff. Here, close at hand !

Cru. We must be sudden, then. Come, prepare !
[*Calling.*] Friday !

MUSIC.—*Re-enter FRIDAY and IGLOU, R. U. E., running forward—Ines starts.*

Bluff. Nay, don't be scared ! that's Robin's loblolly-

boy, and t'other's his powder-monkey, I take it—both rated on his books as able-bodied men.

Cru. Now, mark me: unless we can secure their party without alarm, it must not be attempted. An unsuccessful effort would destroy us—if you hear my signal, spring upon them at the instant, but even then reserve your fire till I give the word.

Die. Enough; we'll obey precisely.

Cru. Friday, may I trust you?

Fri. [*Nodding assent.*] Me no afraid now, massa.

[*Crosses to Crusoe.*]

Cru. You comprehend. [*Friday assents.*] Let all dispose themselves to advantage.

Bluff. I think that hollow tree would be no bad place.
[*Nipcheese terrified.*]

Cru. 'Tis too confined; Friday shall ascend it, and give us notice of their movements. [*Ines snatches a sword from Friday.*] Ines, what would you do?

[*Seeing her armed with the sword.*]

Ines. I hope, nothing; yet if a woman's feeble aid is needful, doubt not my resolution.

Nip. [*From the tree.*] Why, they're quite an army, I declare.

[*Diego joins his mother, and expostulates—Ines is determined, and Diego selects a spot where he may be useful, and at the same time shield her from danger.*]

Bluff. [*Taking his station, L.*] This will do for me.

[*Music.—Nipcheese, peeping out, sees the black, and pops down in dismay—Friday mounts the tree—Iglou crosses with all the circumspection of a savage, to the foot of the tree, and is anxiously waiting the report of Friday—as Friday looks off, R., a whistle is heard, he claps his hands, makes a sign to his master, and rapidly descends.*]

Bluff. The whistle! d'ye hear?

Cru. Hush! Close, close!

[*Music.—They all disappear, R. and L. U. E.*]

Windlass. [*Without.*] Swivel! Nipcheese! Hillioh!

[*Whistle, R.*]

Block. [*Without, R.*] Hillioh! master steward! gunner! plague on you, where are you?

Enter WINDLASS, followed by BLOCK and the rest, R.

Win. Where the devil have they stowed themselves? Set down the grub.

[The Seamen place the chest and the bags at the foot of the tree.]

Block. Look! *[Seeing, and taking up the fetters.]* they've been safe moored, however; but they've left their silk stockings behind them.

Win. Slipped their cables! I don't like this—who's with the boat?

Block. Gunwale, and the coxswain.

Win. All's well, then; Swivel's a true man—he must have lost his reckoning in this outlandish navigation; but, if that land-shark, Nipcheese, has played false, he shall smart for it.—Hillioh!

Block. It's no use to hail them here, we should have brought speaking trumpets; our voices are lost among these woods.

Win. We must make ourselves heard, or leave 'em to make the best on't; Nipcheese would be no loss, but we can't spare Swivel—the tide ebbs fast, too, and it looks squally.—I have it,—fire a volley—'twill be answered from the ship—and if that signal doesn't bring 'em to, nothing will.

Block. Right.

Win. All ready? Present! *[Without placing themselves immediately in rank, they are so disposed as not to injure each other, by pointing to different directions, consequently to the imminent peril of the concealed party, R. and L.]* Steady! don't level so low, 'twill deaden the report.—In the air, lads? fire! *[The Sailors all fire, R. and L.]*

Cru. Upon 'em!

[Music.—The instant the discharge takes place, the concealed party rush forward—Windlass encounters Crusoe, and the rest are variously engaged—Nipcheese escapes in the confusion—Ines rescues her husband, who has been disarmed, while Bluff, having disabled his antagonist, rushes forward, and with his cudgel fells the Seaman, who instantly encounters Crusoe, when he recovers his sword—Friday at the same moment overpowering Windlass—Diego and Iglon likewise subdue their antagonists, and the curtain falls on the tableau.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of Crusoe's Cave—the entrance, L. F.—a door near the front, L., which leads to a subterraneous passage, made of a flat stone, and adapted to the cavity, so as to escape notice until it is opened—various shelves, upon which are goods and utensils taken from the wreck—likewise other articles, which the industry of Crusoe has fabricated for his use and convenience—an open chest, C.—two chairs and a rude table, R. C., covered with skins, and a lamp hanging at the side.*

DIEGO discovered eagerly examining the different objects—
CRUSOE and INES in conversation.

Cru. Yes, Ines, such were the reverses which befell a man, once possessed of every luxury, every comfort that domestic happiness could give—'tis past, forgotten!—this joyful meeting has repaid me all.

Ines. More, tell me more! I could listen to the tale for ages.

Cru. I was the only being that escaped with life; and the desire to preserve it aiding the resources of my mind, with time and patience, I constructed this dwelling.

Ines. But your arms, your stores?

Cru. They were taken from the wreck of the vessel, which for three months held together. During that period, I recovered those articles, valuable beyond all calculation!—beneath that table is a cell, where I concealed my powder, and matters of equal importance.

Die. (R.) Where do you repose?

Cru. There! [*Throws open the secret door, L.*

Ines. In that dungeon, so dark and damp?

Cru. It possessed a quality to me more serviceable than light or warmth—safety! it has two separate outlets; one in the wood close without the cave, the other among the rocks upon the beach. I trembled lest the Caribs should in time discover my abode, and resolved, in case of a surprise, to make retreat certain. Accident completed what the united efforts of Friday and myself scarcely could accomplish. We discovered an excavation leading to the spot where I was first washed on shore. But, come, we must prepare for our

departure. While we have time, let us secure those things that now may be of service.

[*Music.—Goes into the dormitory, L.—Ines following, stops at the entrance—retreats in alarm, and falls on the neck of Diego.*]

Die. So fearless in danger,—yet so apprehensive in safety.—Dismiss these idle terrors, they will unnerve my father. The villains are confined in the outer cave, and guarded by the faithful Friday.

Cru. Now, then, we have nothing to detain us.

[*Returning from the cell, L., and giving a casket to Diego.*]

Ines. [*Recognising it.*] A casket!

Cru. You well remember it, Ines—'tis the same I took from San Salvador, when last we parted.

[*Diego places the casket on the table.*]

Die. What have you there?

Cru. The journal of my exile! a treasure far more useful to my fellow creatures than that splendid dross,—it tells them never to despair,—it teaches them to place their trust in that power, who can befriend the wretched outcast, when the whole world abandons him. There, boy, take it—treasure it, as thy father's legacy.

[*Gives Diego the journals, who places it on the chest.*]

Die. [*Pointing to the cell.*] By that pass we shall avoid all chance of observation from the stragglers.—Bluff has doubtless secured the boat, and must be waiting for us with impatience. But Friday—your faithful Friday!

Cru. He shall not be forgotten. [*Surveying the cave*] Farewell, scenes of my sorrows and my sufferings, a long, a last farewell!

[*Pressing away a tear.*]

Bluff. [*Without, L. F.*] Hillioh!

Die. Hark! some one calls!

Bluff. Hillioh, captain!

Cru. 'Tis the seaman.

Die. [*Running to the back.*] Bluff! what can have happened? Holloa! here!

Ines. If they should have discovered your retreat——

[*Music.—Ines shows alarm.*]

Cru. Be patient, all may be well.

BLUFF advances from the entrance in flat, L.

Die. (R.) Now, your news?

Bluff. (R. C.) Bad enough—might ha' been worse.—I've fallen in with the enemy's cruisers, and was obliged to scud.

[*Ines expresses anxiety.*]

Cru. But the boat ?

Die Is it in our possession ?

Bluff. No, it was sunk in action.

Ines. Sunk ! destroyed !

Bluff. [To *Ines.*] Nay, don't strike your colours yet : it isn't so bad as all that comes to.

Ines. Explain !

Cru. Speak !

Bluff. It's soon said : according to orders, I made the best of my way along shore, and got aboard the boat snug enough, when, who should heave in sight but Gunwale and the coxswain.—Come, thinks I, I can manage a couple of you, and prepared my small arms accordingly.

Die. Quick ! the event !

Bluff. All on a sudden, in the wake o' them I saw two more ; what's to be done now, says I ? (A man is but a man, you know,) down I lay—howsomever, they soon spied me, and began cracking away—being pretty dark, I didn't value their shot a pinch of oakum, but knowing it was all up with us if they got possession of the boat, with one blow I stove a plank in her bottom—she filled—I jumped ashore—dashed through their squadron, kept up a running fight, and here I am.

Cru. 'Twas well done !

Ines. May they not recover the boat ?

Bluff. No ; but we can, and repair it, too—there's comfort for you—at low-water she'll be high and dry again.

Cru. Did they pursue you far ?

Bluff. Yes, close under the land here.

Cru. So near ?

Ines. We're lost !

Die. Who were the two last ?

Bluff. The gunner, Swivel, and that old bum-boat-woman, Nipcheese ; he was upset in the scuffle directly, and there I left him sprawling, like a frog in a fit.

Cru. Let the worst happen then, we can match them.

Bluff. Match 'em ! why, bless you, Nipcheese has no more heart in him than a rotten ratline, and as to the coxswain, I've a strong notion my last fire carried away some of his rigging. I saw him make an awkward sort of a bow, like, at parting, as much as to say, thank you, that will do, I've got quite enough.

[*Music.*—*The dog barks—the group in consternation.*

Enter FRIDAY, terror-struck, L. F.

Fri. [*Rushing down, c.*] Oh, massa, massa! white man free!

Cru. Escaped!

Bluff. What, broke from their lashings? This looks bad.

Cru. Those who pursued you, have discovered and released the rest.

Ines. Then all is lost!

Bluff. No such thing! [*To Ines.*] We may surmount the futtock shrouds of despair yet; you shall never founder till old Bluff's a sheer hulk.

[Friday explains the accident to Crusoe.]

Cru. Separated! in search of our concealment? Then we may still avoid them—should we be driven to extremity, remember the secret pass. [*Diego throws it open.*] Collect more ammunition, Friday, quick!—You, Diego, hasten to the shore and kindle a fire on the rock—'twill direct the friendly Caribs to the spot where we most may need them.

Die. It shall be done. [*Crossing, L.*] But my mother—

Cru. Must remain here, under the charge of Friday, while myself and Bluff endeavour to decoy our enemies further from the cave. If we can elude their vigilance till Iglou and his party land, all danger ceases. Away, Diego! and remember my instructions.

[Music.—Friday has drawn the table aside, and opens a trap beneath it, R. C., from whence he brings cartridges, and distributes them rapidly—Ines clings to her son, who with difficulty quits her embrace, and exit at the secret pass, L.—Crusoe, greatly distressed at her situation, directs Friday to protect her, and beckoning to the seaman, leaves the cave, L. F.—Friday has closed the trap, replaced the table, and extinguished the lamp—Ines sinks on a part of the rock—the moon, sinking over the trees without, gives a sombre light.]

Enter NIPCHEESE, L. F.

Nip. So I have got out of harm's way at last—[*Friday perceives Nipcheese, and conceals himself behind the table.*]—sneaked out o' the battle gloriously—yes, I shall be snug here.—What a night have I passed! buffeted by one party, and abused by the other!—They set no more

value on my precious life, than they would on a mouldy biscuit. [*Taking out his bottle.*] This is the only friend I have in the world, but I've drawn upon him for comfort so often, I fear he won't honour my drafts much longer.

[*Drinks.*—*Ines* revives, and observes *Nipcheese*—she looks round the cave for *Friday*, but does not perceive him.

Ines. [*Aside.*] Alone! deserted!

Nip. I should never keep my spirits up, without pouring spirits down.—What's here? A table and a box—ey? why, this must be the very place the boatswain ordered us to seek! It is the cave of *Crusoe*! Lord! I hope he's not at home? I suppose the firing, just now, alarmed the whole family! It did me, I know.—I wonder what's in this box, it's monstrous heavy—as I'm an honest man, here's the key fastened to it, with a bit of rope-yarn. [*Opening the box.*] Money! yes, by my curiosity, gold! and—a case of jewels! precious stones!—Now, if I don't take care of it, *Windlass* and the rest will commit a robbery, and call it lawful spoil!—they shan't say I'm greedy.—I'll manage it as most prize-agents do—pocket the best part, for the trouble of dividing the rest.

[*Ines* directs her attention to the treasure, and prepares to address *Nipcheese*, when the exclamation of *Friday* arrests her.

Fri. [*Unable to contain his rage.*] He dam rogue!

[*Music.*

Nip. Ey! [*Slapping down the lid of the box in terror.*] Who's there? Who's that spoke?

Swivel. [*Without, L. F.*] 'Twas I, *Swivel*! Where are you?

[*Music ceases.*

Nip. I'm just in time. [*Secures the case*] It's the gunner—he always calls me rogue—so I'm satisfied. [*Turns and sees Ines, who is seeking concealment.*] *Ines*! Fire and faggots! If she tells those fellows, I'm a dead man.

Ines. [*Aside.*] Heaven now direct me! by fixing their attention, I may gain time

Enter SWIVEL and GUNWALE, L. F.

Swi. Well, have you found out where he swings his hammock?

Nip. Yes, in this cave, and there stands the mistress.

Swi. His wife!

Nip. I'm glad they're come,—I should never have managed that she dragon by myself.

Swi. Where is the captain?

Ines. Safe! safe on board the vessel.

Swi. Escaped to the ship! impossible!—Is Crusoe with him?

Ines. No—he vowed never to quit this spot, and insisted on my remaining with him.—But, oh! swear to restore me to Diego's arms, and at once you gain his favour and a mine of wealth.

Nip. Convey you to your son? I thought 'twas your only wish to recover your old husband.

[She dissents and shows the casket.]

Swi. [*Amazed, c.*] Money!

Gun. [*L.*] Gold!

Nip. [*Aside.*] I'm glad she doesn't miss the jewels.

[The seamen are astonished when they open the box.]

Ines. [*Looking round.*] Look—behold! release me, and more—all—all shall be yours.

Nip. [*Aside.*] Zounds! is there more?

Gun. Swivel.

Swi. What's the boatswain to us?

Nip. Every man for himself, say I. [*Taking the casket.*]
What say you?

Gun. But how to get her off? The boat's sunk.

Nip. Wait in the wood till daybreak.

Swi. And then hail the vessel—so we can.

Ines. Are you resolved?

Swi. We'll do it.

Nip. Never fear us, we'll do any thing for money.

[Friday by accident lets fall the lid of the chest—Ines screams.]

Nip. What the deuce was that? Why do you look so terrified?

Swi. Be quick, our comrades will come alongside, else.

[Music.—Ines points to the table—the seamen put it back.]

Nip. Ah! a cell! an excavation!

[They raise the trap—Gunwale descends, and Swivel stands a step down—Friday remains behind the chest.]

Swi. Zounds! what a cargo of riches!

Nip. Fair play, my lads, below! We share alike, remember.

Swi. Look you there's no foul play aloft; you remain and keep guard here.

Nip. I will.

Ines. [Greatly distressed, and looking again for aid, catches the eye of Friday.] He sees me,—he understands——

Nip. How devilish dark it is. [Looking down.] Is it very deep? I'll not trust the rascals—they'll be helping themselves—holloa!

[*Music.*—*Nipcheese* having descended a step or two, *Friday* springs suddenly forward, and drives him down the trap—*Ines* drops on her knee in thankfulness, and turning, catches the hand of *Friday*, who is now greatly delighted.

Euter BLUFF, pale and disordered, L. F.

Ines. Ah! what new calamity?

Bluff. All's lost! you must not remain here an instant!

Ines. My husband! speak!

Bluff. I can't speak—I'm choaked! he is taken by that devil, Windlass.

Ines. [In despair.] Then he is lost!

[*Friday* is in an agony of grief.

Cru. [Without, L.] *Ines*—my wife!

Ines. 'Tis his voice!—Husband! Crusoe!

Bluff. [Dragging her off by the secret pass, L.] Come, come!

Win. [Without, L.] This way! force him along!

Cru. [Without, L.] Oh, *Ines*! oh, my wife!

Ines. Oh, let us begone! his only comfort now will be in my safety—for him I have lived, with him I'll die.

[*Music.*—*Ines* breaks away from *Bluff*, who goes into the secret pass, L., and rushes into the arms of *Crusoe*, who, secured by *Windlass* and another, has forced his way into the cave—they are dragged off together—*Nipcheese* ascends from the cell, R. C.—*Friday* seizes him by the collar, and encounters *Gunwale*—during the combat *Swivel* ascends—*Nipcheese* is tumbled into the chest by *Friday*—he disables *Swivel*, who flies—the combat continues—*Nipcheese* watches his advantage, and escapes, L. F.—*Friday* is disarmed, and contrives to avoid the blows aimed at him till he gains a pistol, with which he shoots the *Mutineer*, R., and, jumping on the chest, looks down on the body in a mingled emotion of alarm and joy.

SCENE II.—*Part of the Cedar Wood, and one of the Outlets from the Subterraneous Pass.*

Enter the CANNIBAL CHIEF, PARIBOO, who has been left on the island—he appears skulking about on the watch for Crusoe—hearing a step within the cave, L. in F., he retires, R., with expressions of vengeance.—Enter BLUFF, hastily, L. F., having missed the avenue that leads to the shore.

Bluff. [*Pausing and listening.*] All's quiet, there's no pursuit!—O, that I had but saved her!—that I had but died with her, rather than bear such heavy tidings to her son—it will be his turn next—poor souls! they've had a stormy passage through the voyage of life!—Ey! how's this? [*Looking round.*] I see no rock, no shore—yet 'twas by that passage that the captain—[*Voices without, L.*] hark! I hear them!

Enter FRIDAY, hastily, from the cave, L. F.—he rushes out, L.—Pariboo re-appears, R., and follows in a crouching attitude, watching him off, L.

Bluff. They are quarrelling amongst themselves! there's hope in that! [*Noise repeated, L.*] Yes, they are divided one against the other. I must find the captain, any how.—Under Providence, there may be a chance yet. [*Music.—Exit Bluff, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Part of the Coast on which Crusoe was wrecked—in the front, R. is a pole, on which is affixed this inscription, "I WAS CAST ON THIS ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1659, ROBINSON CRUSOE."—On this pole are perceived the notches, by which means he counted the time—a steep rock in the distance, R. U. E., with an ascent to it, overlooking the sea—the whole of the right occupied with a wood of cedar-trees, which is in the form of an amphitheatre—rocks under the wood, and a chasm distinguishes the opening to the secret pass, L.—the sea, C.—the whole sombre, extensive, and wildly picturesque—it is early dawn, which gradually increases.*

Music.—DIEGO discovered, increasing the fire, which flames on the summit of the rock, R. U. E.

Die. [*Coming down.*] I watch in vain! in vain I feed the beacon's fires: no sound, no signal, is returned that

speaks approaching aid, or elicits expiring hope. These Indians, on whom we have relied, dreading a conflict so unequal, have possibly detained their more courageous chief, and all again is doubt, suspense, and agony. [*Coming forward.*] What can have happened?—The early dawn already shows the dark gray line of the horizon, yet my father comes not, or my friend; they surely must be safe—had the secret passage been discovered, ere now these wretches had explored it. At intervals, confused and distant sounds have broke upon the stillness of the night, and through this vaulted chasm, accents of supplication and complaint have seemed to float upon the wailing blast—again! hark! it is not fancy! oh, mother! mother!

Enter BLUFF, L. U. E.

Bluff. So, I'm right at last. [*Diego starts and listens.*] Diego! Captain!

Die. (R.) Bluff! my friend! then all is well. I must have been deceived.

Bluff. (L.) Hush! not so loud!—Have the Indians appeared? have they arrived?

Die. No: since midnight I have watched incessantly—but tell me——

Bluff. We must extinguish that fire.

Die. Why so?—You know its purpose?

Bluff. I do; but—it—it may be a guide for foes as well as friends.

Die. Foes! my heart misgives me—I dread to ask—

Bluff. You shall know all, but first——

Die. Silence!

Enter FRIDAY, at the mouth of the cave, L.

Fri. Massa Diego!

Bluff. 'Tis Friday. [*Music.—Diego runs eagerly across to Friday, who meets him with great delight, till inquiries are made, when his expression instantly varies, and he describes in action the situation of Ines and Crusoe—observing them.*] I say, Blackee! what do you turn up the white of your eyes, and keep bailing out bad luck there for?—Be alive, my lad, and smother the flame, quick!

Die. They are lost, inevitably lost! nothing now can save them.

Bluff. Nothing! you forget, you forget! courage, captain! do not shame your mother! she has a heart as

feeling as your own, but as fearless as your father's! remember how he was saved, how wonderfully found. Never believe the hand that preserved him then means to desert him now—perhaps at this very moment——

[*The low and lengthened note of a conch is heard, L. U. E. —Bluff, Diego, and Friday become fixed with astonishment—a second sound is heard.*]

Fri. [*With the most extravagant gestures.*] 'Tis Iglou! 'tis de Carib!

[*He runs up the rock, and extinguishes the fire.*]

Bluff. I said it, I was sure on't!

Die. Yes, I see—I acknowledge the innocent are never friendless.

[*Music.—The dawn advances, as to make all the objects distinct—the march of the friendly Indians is heard.*]

Enter IGLOU, L. U. E., giving a signal of command to the rest to advance, and is welcomed by Friday and Diego—Iglou points off to his Warriors, and intimates their intention to stand by him and Crusoe to the last.—Enter the INDIANS in march, L. U. E.

Bluff. (L.) [*Looking at the Warriors with surprise and satisfaction.*] Ecod! they are a set of clean-made fellows. I say, Captain, what a pity 'tis they can't abide the smell of gunpowder—if they could but stand fire, we should be a match for a score of such fellows as Windlass.

Die. (R.) Friday informs me, that Iglou has selected from his tribe those who, by a slight intercourse with Europeans, have become acquainted with our arms, and the manner of using them.

Bluff. Ay, ay!

Die. Our method of attack and defence they meet by stratagems peculiar to themselves, as snares, ambush, and sudden assault.

Bluff. Why, they are at it now.

Die. Observe.

[*Music.—Friday has been explaining to the Savages the use of his pistols, persuading them not to be alarmed, &c. —Iglou has ordered his people to the wood, R., and they are seen topping down branches with their tomahawks, each man returning with a bough—Iglou, by a signal, causes the Indians to crouch behind their branches, and*]

not one appears in sight—Iglou in front, with his ear to the ground.

Die. Some one approaches! 'tis a single step—we must act as occasion justifies.

[*Music.—Bluff retires to the chasm, L., from which he observes what passes—Diego, Friday, and Iglou retire up, c.*

Enter NIPCHEESE, R., tipsy.

Nip. Oh, dear, oh, dear! when will all my troubles end?—Every thing I do makes bad worse. I thought to dispel fear by drinking; instead of that, it makes me see danger double. [*The Indians move slowly, and form a line behind Nipcheese, still concealed by the branches.*] I can't move an inch without meeting some accommodating body, ready and willing to blow out my brains—it's really very unpleasant. First, I was beset with savages, then nearly buried alive, and presently, I suppose, I shall—ey! [*The Indians, screened by the branches, file, one by one, past each other, and encompass him, so that wherever Nipcheese turns, his view and progress are obstructed.*] Now, whether my head runs round, or those trees have run round, rot me if I can tell. I have it—this island is enchanted—I shouldn't be surprised if I am transformed as Crusoe is, and look for all the world like an old he goat on his hinder legs—lord! what will Mrs. Nipcheese say then! however, I'll hide my jewels in the crannies of that rock, till it's time to embark, and then——[*He approaches the chasm, L.—Bluff starts forward with a pistol presented.*] Another pistol! don't, don't fire, you'll oblige me exceedingly.

Bluff. Another word, and 'tis your last.

[*Music.—Nipcheese makes an effort to get away—the Indians shout and drop their branches—Nipcheese falls on his knees, Diego and Friday starting forward at the same instant, to prevent an attack from Iglou.*

Die. Tell me instantly the plans of your accomplices.

Nip. I'll tell you every thing, give you every thing, [*Holding out the case of jewels, which Friday snatches.*] only save me from being roasted, and made a meal of.

Die. Where is my mother?—Where is Ines and Crusoe?

Nip. In the cave—they'll be here presently.

Die. And Windlass?

Nip. He'll be here, too—you may kill him and welcome.

Die. What's his intent?

Nip. To make somebody swim to the ship, and tell a parcel of lies to the crew—I was afraid he'd pitch upon me, and having no stomach for water, got out of his way, and tumbled into your's.

Bluff. The ship! well thought on—I'll be beforehand with them. They have warped her close in shore, and I can soon paddle one of the canoes there. Give us a shove off, Friday; and, in less time than the turning of a capstan, I'll give 'em a broadside shall shiver these rocks, like the topsails in a hurricane. in the Bay of Biscay, my lads; so heave a-head.

[*Gets into Iglou's canoe, and Friday pushes it off, L.*]

Die. Now aid us to protect my father, assist in preserving my mother, and you will save yourself.

Nip. I will, I will, as I'm a sinner, and hope to be saved.

Die. Do not think we shall lose sight of you; not a word you utter will escape us. If I observe the least attempt at treachery, though I perish in the act, that moment is your last.

Nip. You needn't doubt me; I always have an eye to business, and make it a rule to stick by the strongest.

Die. When they have brought hither, and secured their prisoners, decoy them from the spot, as you may best be able—remember!

[*Retires.*]

[*Music.—Iglou forms the Indians into separate concealed clusters, resembling clumps of bushes, R. and L.—Diego takes his station near L. S. E.*]

Fri. See, da! poor Massa Crusoe come!

Enter the Party, with CRUSOE and INES, bound, R.

Win. Now, then, belay them to those stakes, [*The Mutineers are binding them to the stake, R.*] while the gunner hails the vessel from the rock. [*Observing the Mutineers.*] The woman to that. [*Pointing to one, L., more distant from Crusoe, to which they fasten her.*] Swivel, take your station on the rock. [*He sees Nipcheese.*] So, you land-lubber, where have you been skulking?

Nip. (L.) Skulking! I've been waiting for you: 'twas no use to hail the ship before 'twas light, so I amused myself by reading an almanack.

Win. (R.) What, read in the dark, you drunken scoundrell!

Nip. I beg your pardon, I've been sober this five minutes, and the book that I was examining is in large text hand—only look.

[Crosses, R., pointing to the inscription.

Win. It's a rum sort o' log-book, sure enough, mess-mates! what's that writing at the top?

Nip. That's what I can't make out.

[Music.—The Seamen have secured Crusoe, R., and Ines, c.—Swivel ascends the rock, R. U. E., and makes signal to the ship—at the call of Windlass, the Mutineers come forward—Iglou appears, and attempts to cut the cords that confine the captives—at this moment the Parrot perches on the stump to which Crusoe is bound, R. S. E.—the Indians instantly, but gradually, enclose the captives, and, moving off slowly in the same form, the stakes are left without them—previous to this movement, and the instant the Sailors quit their Stations, Diego shows himself, and makes Crusoe and Ines understand his intention.

Block. This is the way he kept his reckoning, I suppose. [Music.]

Win. We know that well enough.

Parrot. [Calls from the top of the stake.] Poor Robin!

Win. Robin! who said Robin? [To Block, next him.] Did you say Robin?

Block. No, I didn't say Robin.

Win. [Crossing to Nipcheese.] Did you say Robin?

Nip. No, I said nothing about robbing anybody.

Win. I'm sure somebody said Robin; but look aloft, tell us what's on the cross-trees?

Block. [Reading.] "I came to this i—s—land"—

Win. Island, you dunce—"I came to this island," isn't that it?

[To Nipcheese.

Nip. Yes, that's plain enough. [Aside.] I don't think you'll leave it, though, in a hurry. [Music.]

Win. But what comes next?

[The Parrot flies off, L., and in passing Friday, who is on the watch near Ines, cries, "Friday, poor Friday!"

Win. [Sharply to Block.] Friday, who said Friday?

Block. I didn't say Friday.

Win. [To Nipcheese.] Did you say Friday?

Nip. Not I; I didn't mention any day in the week.

Win. [Advancing again to the inscription.] Well, what do all those pot-hooks and hangers stand for?

Nip. Let me try again—I can see much clearer than I could just now. "*I came to this island September 30th, 1659, Robinson Crusoe.*"

Win. He has been on this station a plaguy long time, then.

Nip. Yes, but I think he has quitted his station by this time.

Swi. [From the rock, R. U. E.] They return the signal, —I see the launch and jolly-boat putting off.

Win. That's well—be ready.—Now, then, for the prisoners—ey! sdeath and fire! where are they?

Block. The prisoners are all gone!

Nip. The prisoners! bless my soul, they are gone sure enough! and the trees are gone, too!

Win. Careless scoundrels! pursue instantly!

Swi. Keep your ground! I see them, they are protected by a swarm of Indians!

Win. Indians! pshaw! a single shot will disperse a thousand—follow me!

Nip. Follow! hurra, my boys!—hurra! [*Music.—Exeunt Windlass and the whole of the Mutineers, L. S. E.*] I'll remain here as a corps de reserve. [*Shouting without, L. U. E.*] There's work! [*Guns fired without, L. S. E., and another yell by the Indians.*] there's chopping and lopping! If they fire at random, they'll be sure to hit me! [*Another yell, and shouts, L. U. E.*] By the lord, they're coming back again.

[*Exit, running, R.—Music.—Single pistol-shots heard—*

Windlass, rushing in, fires one towards the pursuit, and dashing down his pistol, as having missed his object, draws his cutlass, and is attacked by Crusoe—combat, Crusoe disarmed—Friday rushes forward, and confronts Windlass—Ines brought in at L. S. E., by Swivel, &c.—Crusoe instantly catches up his sword, and flies to her rescue, aided by Diego and Iglou, who now engages one of the Mutineers—Diego attacks Gunwale—Crusoe encounters Swivel—the Indians pursue the Seamen, who fire and drive them back, the Savages yelling with terror—Friday kills Windlass, and Iglou drives off his antagonist—at the same

time the Mutineers return, and overpower Diego, Crusoe, Ines, &c.—when a tremendous explosion is heard at the back, and the rocks split asunder, and fall in various fragments—the ship is seen in the distance, surrounded by canoes—the long boat is close in shore, with Bluff and other Sailors in it.

Enter BLUFF and Sailors, from the boat.

Bluff. [*Rushing forward.*] Hurrah, hurrah! joy, captain, joy! I told you how it would be—the ship's your own again!

Cru. Wife!—*Ines!* [*Embracing Ines and Diego.*]

Ines. Husband !

Die, Father! [The Mutineers are all overpowered.]

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<i>Caribs.</i>	<i>Mutineers.</i>	<i>Caribs.</i>	<i>Mutineers.</i>	<i>Caribs.</i>
IGLOU.	BLUFF.	DIE.	CRU.	INES.
				FRI.
R.]				WIN.
				[L.

THE END

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